

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. 1.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1812.

[NO. 22.]

JE VIENS.

A FRENCH TALE.

ALPHONSE, the youngest son of a noble French family, entered the army at an early age; of a warm and generous disposition, he soon gained the affections, not only of the officers who commanded him, but likewise of the men whom he commanded. The country had for some time enjoyed the blessings of peace, but war breaking out abroad, the regiment of Alphonse was ordered on foreign service; the order, which to some gave uneasiness, on account of families or dear relatives they must leave behind, was to Alphonse a source of inexpressible pleasure, and his heart panted with impatience for the moment when they were to embark. He had an ardent desire to see the world, and that desire he hoped would now be gratified. He had a commission to perform for the commander in chief at a town a few miles distant; this of course separated him from his regiment, which he was to rejoin at —. The business was soon performed, and he set forward on his route, hoping to be at head-quarters before night. His road lay across the country; the path was wild and unfrequented; involuntarily he fell into a train of thought which absorbed his faculties, but he was suddenly recovered from his reverie by the approach of a lovely girl, apparently between fifteen and sixteen; her dress was simple, yet such as bespoke her above the common rank. Never before had Alphonse found his heart affected by beauty: now it was enslaved in a moment by a stranger. "What an angel is this," thought he, "yet wretched that I am, I only see her to lose her for ever! but no! I will not lose her, she shall be mine, or death shall be the consequence to both." With an ardour and impetuosity that could only be excused in a youth of eighteen, he dismounted from his horse, seized the hand of the young lady, threw himself on his knees before her, and began to pour forth the most rapturous and extravagant expression of eternal love and constancy. Terrified and alarmed, the lady endeavoured to escape. "Sovereign arbitress of my fate," exclaimed Alphonse, "you must not leave me without some pledge that you will think of me; give me this ring," drawing one off her finger which had the motto of *Souvenez vous de moi*, in small gold letters, encompassed by a wreath of olive. "You may take the ring," said the lady, "only permit me to depart." "First," returned Alphonse, "take mine in return; the motto is *Je viens*, and now you must kneel down, and in the presence of your Creator swear, by every hope you entertain of happiness in this world, or that which is to come, you will never marry any man but the one who shall present you the ring I have just taken from you; and I on my part swear I will never marry any woman but the one who shall have the ring I have just given you; you must likewise swear never to part with it, and never to mention the present adventure.—Will

you swear?" "For heaven's sake," said the lady, "let me go: you terrify me beyond expression." "Angelic creature, be not terrified, but swear instantly, or you die." He drew his sword: the affrighted girl threw herself on her knees, and entreated for mercy. "Swear instantly," cried Alphonse, "or death." "Oh! I swear I will never marry any one but you: Oh do not murder me!" "I would sooner murder myself: repeat the oath deliberately.—Now I am satisfied, and I swear by the honour and valour of a soldier, and by the same hopes as yourself, never to marry any but the possessor of the ring you have just received." Alphonse then endeavoured by the most tender expressions to calm the apprehensions of the terrified fair, who was near fainting with fear: when he had tolerably succeeded, he reluctantly bade her farewell, charged her to be true to her oath, set spurs to his horse, and was soon out of sight.

The next day they embarked, and Alphonse recollected, with inexpressible chagrin, that he had not enquired the name of his mistress: he blamed his rash impetuosity, and even dreaded lest his violence should have thrown her into a fever that might occasion her death. With reflections of this nature he passed the time of the voyage till they arrived at their destination, when he was obliged to lose, in the horrors of war, the solitudes of civil life. His valour endeared him to all: was any hardy enterprise to be undertaken, Alphonse was always in it—were the soldiers discouraged by any disadvantage on their side, Alphonse was sure to reanimate them, both by words and actions. His conduct gained him both approbation and promotion. After a tedious campaign of nearly six years, the regiment was called home, that it might once more enjoy the comforts of repose.

Alphonse was now in his twenty-fifth year; the mad impetuosity of eighteen had but little subsided, and he passionately longed for the moment when he should land in his native country, that he might again behold the maid who had enslaved his heart; but how he should discover her, was an object of disquiet and solicitude: he did not so much as know her name: for whom then could he enquire? she might still reside at the same place; it was a forlorn hope, but the only one he had, and therefore tenderly cherished.

At length they embarked, and after a prosperous voyage, Alphonse once more beheld his native land; he immediately obtained leave of absence for some months, and after sending a letter to his father, informed him he should soon have the pleasure of throwing himself at his feet, set forward on the wings of expectation to find his unknown fair.

The second day, towards evening, he entered the lane where he had first beheld her; he dismounted, and leading his horse, proceeded slowly forward, meditating on the various circumstances which had occurred since that time.

At length he reached the spot where the

conference was held, a conference neither had forgot, or perhaps could forget: he reached it, and beheld not a lovely young girl, but an old woman gathering sticks.

"My good mother," said Alphonse, "are there any young ladies live hereabout?" "Young ladies," repeated the old woman, looking suspiciously at him, "what do you want with young ladies?" "I left one here about six years ago: I thought perhaps—" "Six years ago! mercy on us! and did you expect she was to wait here all that time?" "No, no, but I thought perhaps you might know her: she wears a ring—" "Wears a ring! there's nothing wonderful in that, many young ladies wear rings: what's her name?" "I do not know her name, but—" "Not know her name!" here the old woman fell into a violent laugh, which Alphonse felt too much vexation to attempt interrupting: at length recovering, she continued, "to tell you the truth young man, I am afraid you are after no good, it's a little outre to enquire for a lady without a name." "My good woman," said Alphonse, "take this piece of gold, and be so good to hear me without interrupting: do you think you are capable of so great an effort?" "Aye your honour, that I am, I could hear your honor for two hours without speaking a word, though your honor knows speech is very natural to one." Alphonse then gave her the gold, which she received, with the greatest humility, frequently gazing upon it while he related the adventure, which was only interrupted by a few exclamations of surprise.

"And now, my good mother, do you think you can assist my search? what genteel families resides hereabout?" "Very few, the village is about a quarter of a mile down that narrow path; there are some genteel families there, but very few." "Have any of them daughters of the age this lady must be, about twenty-one?" "No, your honor, none of the young ladies can be above seventeen." "You have lived here some years; can you not recollect any family having daughters that might answer my description?"

The old woman considered for some time, then exclaimed, "Holy virgin! I think I can unravel the mystery: there was an English lady kept a boarding school after the English fashion here, and a pretty piece of work she made of it; the ladies, instead of being kept in as they are in our holy convents, used to be rambling about the fields of a morning and evening, till at last two or three of them ran away with young officers, and one lady, the daughter of some great Duke, was carried off by force, and then the lady herself was obliged to fly to England to escape the Bastille."

"Did she take her pupils with her?" "No, she was glad to get away as she could: she pretended to go to bed as usual in the evening; before one o'clock in the morning a *lettre de cachet* came for her, but my lady was gone, and nobody could tell how, unless the devil had flown away with her, for her door was locked inside, and the key left in it."

"That was extraordinary: perhaps she was concealed about the house." "Not she, your honour: she was on her way to England, and after she had got there, she had the impudence to write to the gentlefolks here, that she was safe in her own country beyond the reach of French tyranny." "What was her name?" "Her name was Norton!" "She lived in the village you say?" "Yes, your honour, the first house on the left as you enter it." Alphonse then thanked the old woman for her information, and took the road for the village: he was not long before he reached it, when he immediately proceeded to the house which had formerly been occupied by Mrs. Norton.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DAUGHTER OF SAKI,

An Eastern Tale.

(Concluded.)

ON this the genius waved her wand, and a crowd of admirers seemed to fill the chamber of Nanni, each bearing a paper on his breast, in which were written, in very legible characters, the genuine sentiments he entertained of this vain beauty, and the objects of his solicitude to gain her regard. But judge her surprise, when she found that not one of those who had been most sedulous in their devotions was inspired with a real passion for her. One admired her person, but despised her understanding; another was influenced by her fortune and connections; a third followed her for amusement; a fourth to vex a hated rival; and all equally reprobated her conduct, and ridiculed her vanity. After passing in review before her, and agitating her almost too strongly for the bonds of sleep to hold the illusion unbroken, the genius perceiving her ideal distress, dismissed the train and brought forward Hafez, a youth of more than ordinary grace, who was but imperfectly known to Nanni, and whose sighs and compliments had scarcely ever reached her ears, though his eyes had spoken tender but unnoticed things. On his breast she read the following inscription:—

"The beauty of Nanni inflames my heart; her virtue awes my soul. Why is she so far exalted by rank and fortune above the humblest but the most fervent of her adorers! I love her for herself alone; but have no hopes that she will listen to my vows. The noblest youths of Persia prostrate themselves at her feet, and while they confess the empire of her charms, they tax her with vanity and insensibility. If she is vain she can never be mine; if she is insensible to their assiduities, what can I expect who have never dared to look steadily on the lightning of her eye, or to unfold in her ears the feelings of my heart? But I must banish myself from the presence of her who is so dangerous to my peace; and, in solitude and oblivion, brood over my unpropitious love. Yes! she cannot be mine, and I must for ever be miserable. I go, Nanni, I go!"

Scarcely had she read these words before the genius lifted her wand, and seemed to bid him retire. Nanni's heart leaped for joy at the respectful sentiments he had disclosed, and in an effort to check the genius from dismissing this genuine admirer, she burst from her trance, and found the vision fled. She arose in great perturbation of spirits, and though

Aurora had scarcely tinged the tops of the hills, she sallied out into the garden, pensive and unhappy. She formed resolutions of amendment: she planned how she might, without offending against female delicacy, make her sentiments known to the only lover who had entertained a sincere passion for her: she rejected her plans as soon as formed; but, fully believing that the genius had been labouring for her good, and finding the impression permanent, she hastened to communicate what she had seen to her mother, and, though shame and confusion at the retrospect of her conduct almost overwhelmed her, she had the virtue to dare to be candid, and confessed all she felt, and all she wished. In a word, she was perfectly cured of vanity; and means being found to promote an apparently accidental interview with Hafez, her gentle demeanor gave him resolution to declare his passion, and they were speedily united in the silken bands of wedlock, as they had before been in that of love. Neither had cause to repent the choice; and though Nanni felt many a pang at the reflection of her folly, and the knowledge she had gained of the human heart, she never ceased to bless the kind genius who had saved her from ruin, and led her to bliss.

THE BARD OF FINGAL;

OR, THE CURSE OF SEDUCTION.

A FRAGMENT.

.....CHEER up my daughter!.....hopeless though thou art, never was the aid of these aged arms denied to the children of sorrow. I know thou art faint and weary, as the hart stricken by the hunter,.....as the wounded chief in the day of battle; and when thou fallest, no stone shall point out thy bed.....But cheer up, daughter.....yet a little longer cheer up thy strength, oh, wanderer of night;.....near is the dwelling of the deceitful Cradmor, oh, yellow-haired daughter of Morva!.....Tell me not that thy eyes shall behold him no more;.....tell me not that they are dim already,.....that the shades of the mountain beckon thee away; for the heart of the Bard of Fingal even now bleeds for thee! Alas! thou art hastening to the land of darkness;.....but when the harp sounds in the hall of Cradmor, he, too, shall heave a sigh for the wretched corse of the daughter of Morva!.....Open thy gates, thou destroyer of peace!.....speak comfort to the heart which thy cruelty has broken;.....bless her with a smile, thou bane of virtue!.....Alas! he comes not!.....drowned in the mirth of songs, and flushed with the wine of joy, he hears not the expiring groan of the daughter of Morva!.....Cold blows the wind through the wintry thorn,.....but he hears it not;.....ruthless is the tempest that beats the head of the daughter of Morva,.....but he feels it not.....Though now he be at peace, nor thinks of thee, yet, as venomous as the serpent's fang shall his conscience be; and the wild fowl of the cliffs shall shriek out his destiny. The gale of the evening shall bear thy sighs to him, as he returneth from the chase; the wind of the desert shall howl in his ears the name of Morva;.....in the visions of the night shall he see thee;.....and the cricket shall whisper of Morva!.....In the field of battle, nerveless shall his arm be.....powerless as the shadows on the hill:.....the cataract from the mountain shall tell him of thee, and the leaves of the forest

shall make him afraid. He shall call on the injured fair one,.....but she shall not hear;.....he shall invoke a blessing from the yellow haired daughter of Morva,.....but the wind shall scatter his prayers like the down of the thistle; and swift as the bolt of Heaven shall his despair be.

MENZIKOFF.

Though justice requires that crimes should be punished, yet the heart often distends with compassion when punishment is inflicted—Whilst the slightest spark of humanity glows in our breasts, we can never cease to commiserate the sufferings of Prince Menzikoff.

Once seated on the throne of Russia, enjoying all the sway of an absolute monarch, he wielded the destiny of millions, and his own seemed to shine with a splendor which was never to be obscured. He appeared to be rearing for himself a fabric whose top was to sparkle in the heavens; to be interweaving for himself a wreath of glory that was never to fade. His sceptre gleamed along the ice-fettered wilderness of Tartary, and its weight was acknowledged by the wide-extended empire of the Russias. But, alas! the instability of human grandeur! Such hopes are but the fluttering visions of a distracted imagination.... They speedily perish under the smiting blasts of adversity. Fortune, before lavish of her bounties, soon remitted her favours, and Menzikoff was stripped of his dearest expectations. A stroke of court policy dashed him from the summit of glory to the lowest depths of infamy; from the splendour and warmth of a meridian sun into a chilling darkness.

The jealousy of power procured the banishment of Menzikoff and his family, to the remote and gloomy deserts of Siberia. With a tender wife, educated under the soft beams of opulence, and two daughters, accustomed to the delicacies of a courtly life; with these was he obliged to encounter the tempest that beat hard against him. But, what not even the philosophic Cicero could boast of, he submitted himself with entire resignation to his fate. Tearing off the badges of his honour, he exclaims to his attendants, with the firmness of a stoic, "Vain pomp of worldly delight; take them back; I resign them with pleasure." But in the very commencement of his career he received a stab that increased the gloom of his dabased condition, and except such a character as Menzikoff, must have hurried into madness or impelled to the direful act of suicide. His dear consort is no more! Yet, struggling under such poignant misery, does he uphold himself and his children. He traverses the dreary wilds of Siberia, and listens to the chill blast that scowls around him. Alas! how little does Menzikoff, exposed to the frosts of a sullen region, resemble Menzikoff rolling in affluence and brandishing the rod of empire? A lovely daughter is torn from his reluctant arms. Ah, cruel fortune! art thou not yet content with torturing him whom thou once did so fondly caress. Two children yet remain to uphold the sinking father; but these seem to be fast verging to the brink of the grave. The anxious parent, thus like to be deprived of the only props to his drooping spirits, exerts his utmost. He saves them. The insulated family is obliged to brave still another misfortune. Menzikoff himself is soon smitten by the sickle of death. Thus the Almighty

"Cuts short, with just disdain,
The long, long views of poor designing man."

From every object that calls forth our sympathetic feeling we may learn a useful lesson. Menzikoff, when wrapped in the bosom of solitude, declared that he feared not the day of retribution, had he no other series of his life to account for than that which he had passed in the gloom of his solitary habitation; for there alone, he thought, he had discharged his duty. Here, then, we see a man, who, whilst he clung to the throne, and revelled in his wealth, deviated from the path of duty, tortured by the whispers of an ill-boding conscience, and harrassed by cares; when embosomed in solitude acting with the most scrupulous rectitude; smooth and serene as the unruffled expanse of waters. It has been much contested, whether a solitary is preferable to a public life. In this case, at least, we have an argument in favour of the former.... Here we see, that

"Wretched indeed is that man,
Who hangs on prince's favours."

THE MANIAC.

From a London publication.

NOTHING calls forth our feelings more than when we have before our eyes a fellow-creature borne down by the ponderous weight of misfortune; and more especially at a time when we are unable to render them the least relief, after we have used our utmost endeavours.

Ann Hill, a distressed female, was seen by some labourers while at work, sitting under the hollow of an old tree near the town of Ipswich, quite in a state of starvation and phrenzy. She was taken to the nearest house; questions were asked her relative to the town from whence she came; to these, she said her native county was Hereford. Several families were mentioned, and it was demanded of her if she had any knowledge of them. She had not any but of one. A letter was immediately sent to a town in that county, and an answer was received a few days after. The person to whom it was sent seemed quite happy he had it in his power to give some description of the unfortunate maniac. She has left her home more than ten years, and was supposed to have been dead long since. A disappointment in an affair of love was the cause of her distress, and abandoning all the comforts a home supplies, she was never known to ask the least charity; but to wander through fields and places of solitude, living upon the vegetables the fields produce, and upon what little food was offered by shepherds. How a creature can have wandered so far is a miracle highly to be wondered at. She is still under the care of some of the inhabitants of the town, who are always forward in assisting the houseless and befriended.

COURAGE AND EXAMPLE.

One of the antients used to say, that an army of stags led by a lion was more formidable than an army of lions led by a stag. Without going so far, we may safely affirm that in the crisis of a battle, confidence in a General goes a great way towards obtaining a victory. What were the Epirots without Pyrrhus? And the Carthaginians without Xantippus and Hannibal? What were the Thebans without Epaminondas; or the Macedonians without Philip and Alexander?

MAXIMS.

THE man who is rationally devout is like the setting or the rising sun. The enthusiast may be compared to the same bright orb in its meridian splendour. The former constantly shines with a mild lustre, and attracts the esteem of all the sober part of mankind; the latter blazes with so much fierceness, that he very often scorches those who come within his reach.

ILL nature is often mistaken for wit, as buffoonery is for humour. To say severe things, and to cut up character with the roughness of a butcher, is in the power of the dullest people in the world, but very few have the art of dissecting them with the address of a skilful anatomist.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1812.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

NOTHING of consequence from the North of Europe has transpired since our last.—The great battle said to have been fought between the French and Russians is not credited...though it is believed there has been some fighting in which the French had the advantage.

Accounts from Spain to August 1, confirm the great victory obtained by the British and Portuguese forces, under the command of Lord Wellington, in the fields of Salamanca, in the afternoon of the 25th of July. A letter from Oporto of the 7th of August, says.... "The French loss is 11 generals, and about or upwards of 17,000 men; more than 10,000 of whom are prisoners,....and 3 Eagles, 4 or 5 standards, 19 pieces of cannon, military chests, &c. &c. taken.—Of the generals, 2 are killed, and 5 are wounded, Marmont, Bonnet, (1st and 2d in command,) are said to be since dead of their wounds, and Martinere, and 3 others are prisoners. The British had 600 killed and 1800 wounded; the Portuguese 400 killed and 1600 wounded. The Spaniards nor the light division, from circumstances, were not brought into action. Every British Lt. Gen. was wounded. It is said, that the siege of Cadiz is raised, and that the Cadiz army is following the French.

The crisis in Spain is considered as past for the present. The new Constitution, by which the condition of the people of Spain is greatly ameliorated, the inquisition annihilated, and the powers of the Nobles and Clergy limited, has been every where received with gratitude, and ratified with festive acclamations. The Cortes were about to be dissolved, and the new one appointed. Ferdinand 7th continued a prisoner in France, devoted to books and pious meditations.

The ship Howard, which arrived at Boston on Monday from London, on Tuesday last, in lat. 43. long. 58. was boarded from the San Domingo, of 80 guns, Admiral Warren, from England for Halifax; in company with the Poitiers, 74, Captain Beresford. Sailed from Portsmouth, August 14.—Several large ships, with troops, were to sail immediately after.

It is said that Barracks are erecting at Plattsburgh for the army; where it is expected it will winter.

Most of the troops, which had lately arrived at Green-Bush, have been ordered to Niagara.

Gen. Provost, by proclamation, has ordered all citizens of the United States that may be in Canada, to quit that province by the 15th of October, till which time they may depart with their moveable property, by permission of three of the Council. After that time every citizen of the United States found in Canada will be considered as a prisoner of war, unless he has taken the oath of allegiance.

Accounts from the country state horrid barbarities being committed by the Southern as well as Northern Indians.

A letter from St. Mary's says, that it is worse there: and by other accounts it is stated that the town is in the same situation.

In consequence of the fears of a negro insurrection, and of the war, Gen. Wilkinson, at New-Orleans, has called for 2000 militia.

On Sunday morning about 1 o'clock a fire broke out in Reed-street, between Chapel and Church streets, which consumed seven wooden buildings, and deprived upwards of twenty poor families of a home

Nuptial.

THRICE happy state! where with no dark alloy,
Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day!
For here the sigh, that soft affection heaves,
From stings of sharpest woe the soul relieves.

MARRIED.

On the 23d inst. by the rev. Geo. C. Potts, Mr. John Holmes, to the amiable Mrs. Finley in the 28th year of her age. This is the third time she has had the pleasure of being a bride.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Edward Connolly, to Miss Eliza Mead, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. G. Spring, Mr. Daniel Tunier, to Miss Eleanor Tate, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. Isaac Doughty, to Miss Margaret Stout, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, Abraham E. Brower, esq. to Miss Mary Morgan.

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Sibour, William Lawrence, esq. to Miss Anastasia Lynch.

At Newark, on Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Lambert Suydam, merchant, to Miss Harriet Sherman Higgins, all of this city.

By the rev. Eliphalet Price, at Casper's Kill, Poughkeepsie, Dr. Stephen D. Beekman, surgeon of the 13th regiment of the United States Infantry, to Miss Maria Clinton, daughter of George Clinton, deceased, late Vice-President of the United States.

At Westchester on Wednesday morning, by the rev. Mr. Wilkins, Mr. William Bayard, jun. of this city, to Miss Catherine Hammond, daughter of Abijah Hammond, Esq.

Obituary.

FROM death no age nor no condition saves,
As goes the freeman, so departs the slave,
The chieftain's palace, and the peasant's bower,
Alike are ravag'd by his haughty pow'r.

DIED.

In this city, Mrs. Mary Williams, aged 80 years, after a lingering illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude in a full belief of Jesus Christ.

Suddenly, in this city, William Charlton, a british seaman, from on board the prize ship Quebec.

After a lingering illness, Mrs. Mary Smith, wife of Capt. Elihu Smith.

Last evening, after a short illness, much regretted she Mrs. Elizabeth Man.

Last Sunday evening in the 17th year of her age, and preter a painful and lingering illness, James, who resided

On Tuesday morning after a short illness, John Scribner, aged 34, of the hotel in Paris.

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An Eastern Tale.

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OR, THE CURSE OF SEDUCTION.

A FRAGMENT.

.....CHEER up my daughter!.....hopeless though thou art, never was the aid of these aged arms denied to the children of sorrow. I know thou art faint and weary, as the hart stricken by the hunter,.....as the wounded chief in the day of battle; and when thou fallest, no stone shall point out thy bed.....But cheer up, daughter.....yet a little longer cheer up thy strength, oh, wanderer of night;.....near is the dwelling of the deceitful Cradmor, oh, yellow-haired daughter of Morva!.....Tell me not that thy eyes shall behold him no more;.....tell me not that they are dim already,.....that the shades of the mountain beckon thee away; for the heart of the Bard of Fingal even now bleeds for thee! Alas! thou art hastening to the land of darkness;.....but when the harp sounds in the hall of Cradmor, he, too, shall heave a sigh for the wretched corse of the daughter of Morva!.....Open thy gates, thou destroyer of peace!.....speak comfort to the heart which thy cruelty has broken;.....bless her with a smile, thou bane of virtue!.....Alas! he comes not!.....drowned in the mirth of songs, and flushed with the wine of joy, he hears not the expiring groan of the daughter of Morva!.....Cold blows the wind through the wintry thorn,.....but he hears it not;.....ruthless is the tempest that beats the head of the daughter of Morva,.....but he feels it not.....Though now he be at peace, nor thinks of thee, yet, as venomous as the serpent's fang shall his conscience be; and the wild fowl of the cliffs shall shriek out his destiny. The gale of the evening shall bear thy sighs to him, as he returneth from the chase; the wind of the desert shall howl in his ears the name of Morva;.....in the visions of the night shall he see thee;.....and the cricket shall whisper of Morva!.....In the field of battle, nerveless shall his arm be.....powerless as the shadows on the hill:.....the cataract from the mountain shall tell him of thee, and the leaves of the forest

shall make him afraid. He shall call on the injured fair one,.....but she shall not hear;.....he shall invoke a blessing from the yellow haired daughter of Morva,.....but the wind shall scatter his prayers like the down of the thistle; and swift as the bolt of Heaven shall his despair be.

MENZIKOFF.

Though justice requires that crimes should be punished, yet the heart often distends with compassion when punishment is inflicted—Whilst the slightest spark of humanity glows in our breasts, we can never cease to commiserate the sufferings of Prince Menzikoff.

Once seated on the throne of Russia, enjoying all the sway of an absolute monarch, he wielded the destiny of millions, and his own seemed to shine with a splendor which was never to be obscured. He appeared to be rearing for himself a fabric whose top was to sparkle in the heavens; to be interweaving for himself a wreath of glory that was never to fade. His sceptre gleamed along the ice-fettered wilderness of Tartary, and its weight was acknowledged by the wide-extended empire of the Russias. But, alas! the instability of human grandeur! Such hopes are but the fluttering visions of a distracted imagination.... They speedily perish under the smiting blasts of adversity. Fortune, before lavish of her bounties, soon remitted her favours, and Menzikoff was stripped of his dearest expectations. A stroke of court policy dashed him from the summit of glory to the lowest depths of infamy; from the splendour and warmth of a meridian sun into a chilling darkness.

The jealousy of power procured the banishment of Menzikoff and his family, to the remote and gloomy deserts of Siberia. With a tender wife, educated under the soft beams of opulence, and two daughters, accustomed to the delicacies of a courtly life; with these was he obliged to encounter the tempest that beat hard against him. But, what not even the philosophic Cicero could boast of, he submitted himself with entire resignation to his fate. Tearing off the badges of his honour, he exclaims to his attendants, with the firmness of a stoic, "Vain pomp of worldly delight; take them back; I resign them with pleasure." But in the very commencement of his career he received a stab that increased the gloom of his dased condition, and except such a character as Menzikoff, must have hurried into madness or impelled to the direful act of suicide. His dear consort is no more! Yet, struggling under such poignant misery, does he uphold himself and his children. He traverses the dreary wilds of Siberia, and listens to the chill blast that scowls around him. Alas! how little does Menzikoff, exposed to the frosts of a sullen region, resemble Menzikoff rolling in affluence and brandishing the rod of empire? A lovely daughter is torn from his reluctant arms. Ah, cruel fortune! art thou not yet content with torturing him whom thou once did so fondly caress. Two children yet remain to uphold the sinking father; but these seem to be fast verging to the brink of the grave. The anxious parent, thus like to be deprived of the only props to his drooping spirits, exerts his utmost. He saves them. The insulated family is obliged to brave still another misfortune. Menzikoff himself is soon smitten by the sickle of death. Thus the Almighty

"Cuts short, with just disdain,
The long, long views of poor designing man."

From every object that calls forth our sympathetic feeling we may learn a useful lesson. Menzikoff, when wrapped in the bosom of solitude, declared that he feared not the day of retribution, had he no other series of his life to account for than that which he had passed in the gloom of his solitary habitation; for there alone, he thought, he had discharged his duty. Here, then, we see a man, who, whilst he clung to the throne, and revelled in his wealth, deviated from the path of duty, tortured by the whispers of an ill-boding conscience, and harrassed by cares; when embosomed in solitude acting with the most scrupulous rectitude; smooth and serene as the unruffled expanse of waters. It has been much contested, whether a solitary is preferable to a public life. In this case, at least, we have an argument in favour of the former.... Here we see, that

"Wretched indeed is that man,
Who hangs on prince's favours."

THE MANIAC.

From a London publication.

NOTHING calls forth our feelings more than when we have before our eyes a fellow-creature borne down by the ponderous weight of misfortune; and more especially at a time when we are unable to render them the least relief, after we have used our utmost endeavours.

Ann Hill, a distressed female, was seen by some labourers while at work, sitting under the hollow of an old tree near the town of Ipswich, quite in a state of starvation and phrenzy. She was taken to the nearest house; questions were asked her relative to the town from whence she came; to these, she said her native county was Hereford. Several families were mentioned, and it was demanded of her if she had any knowledge of them. She had not any but of one. A letter was immediately sent to a town in that county, and an answer was received a few days after. The person to whom it was sent seemed quite happy he had it in his power to give some description of the unfortunate maniac. She has left her home more than ten years, and was supposed to have been dead long since. A disappointment in an affair of love was the cause of her distress, and abandoning all the comforts a home supplies, she was never known to ask the least charity; but to wander through fields and places of solitude, living upon the vegetables the fields produce, and upon what little food was offered by shepherds. How a creature can have wandered so far is a miracle highly to be wondered at. She is still under the care of some of the inhabitants of the town, who are always forward in assisting the houseless and befriended.

COURAGE AND EXAMPLE.

One of the antients used to say, that an army of stags led by a lion was more formidable than an army of lions led by a stag. Without going so far, we may safely affirm that in the crisis of a battle, confidence in a General goes a great way towards obtaining a victory. What were the Epirots without Pyrrhus? And the Carthaginians without Xantippus and Hannibal? What were the Thebans without Epaminondas; or the Macedonians without Philip and Alexander?

MAXIMS.

THE man who is rationally devout is like the setting or the rising sun. The enthusiast may be compared to the same bright orb in its meridian splendour. The former constantly shines with a mild lustre, and attracts the esteem of all the sober part of mankind; the latter blazes with so much fierceness, that he very often scorches those who come within his reach.

ILL nature is often mistaken for wit, as buffoonery is for humour. To say severe things, and to cut up character with the roughness of a butcher, is in the power of the dullest people in the world, but very few have the art of dissecting them with the address of a skilful anatomist.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1812.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

NOTHING of consequence from the North of Europe has transpired since our last.—The great battle said to have been fought between the French and Russians is not credited, though it is believed there has been some fighting in which the French had the advantage.

Accounts from Spain to August 1, confirm the great victory obtained by the British and Portuguese forces, under the command of Lord Wellington, in the fields of Salamanca, in the afternoon of the 25th of July. A letter from Oporto of the 7th of August, says:—"The French loss is 11 generals, and about or upwards of 17,000 men; more than 10,000 of whom are prisoners, and 3 Eagles, 4 or 5 standards, 19 pieces of cannon, military chests, &c. &c. taken.—Of the generals, 2 are killed, and 5 are wounded, Marmont, Bonnet, (1st and 2d in command,) are said to be since dead of their wounds, and Martinere, and 3 others are prisoners. The British had 600 killed and 1800 wounded; the Portuguese 400 killed and 1600 wounded. The Spaniards nor the light division, from circumstances, were not brought into action. Every British Lt. Gen. was wounded. It is said, that the siege of Cadiz is raised, and that the Cadiz army is following the French.

The crisis in Spain is considered as past for the present. The new Constitution, by which the condition of the people of Spain is greatly ameliorated, the inquisition annihilated, and the powers of the Nobles and Clergy limited, has been every where received with gratitude, and ratified with festive acclamations. The Cortes were about to be dissolved, and the new one appointed. Ferdinand 7th continued a prisoner in France, devoted to books and pious meditations.

The ship Howard, which arrived at Boston on Monday from London, on Tuesday last, in lat. 43. long. 58. was boarded from the San Domingo, of 80 guns, Admiral Warren, from England for Halifax, in company with the Poitiers, 74, Captain Beresford. Sailed from Portsmouth, August 14.—Several large ships, with troops, were to sail immediately after.

It is said that Barracks are erecting at Plattsburgh for the army; where it is expected it will winter.

Most of the troops, which had lately arrived at Green-Bush, have been ordered to Niagara.

Gen. Provost, by proclamation, has ordered all citizens of the United States that may be in Canada, to quit that province by the 15th of October, till which time they may depart with their moveable property, by permission of three of the Council. After that time every citizen of the United States found in Canada will be considered as a prisoner of war, unless he has taken the oath of allegiance.

Accounts from the country state horrid barbarities being committed by the Southern as well as Northern Indians.

A letter from St. Mary's says, that it is very sickly there: and by other accounts it is stated that Charleston is in the same situation.

In consequence of the fears of a negro insurrection, and of the war, Gen. Wilkinson, at New-Orleans, has called for 2000 militia.

On Sunday morning about 1 o'clock a fire broke out in Reed-street, between Chapel and Church streets, which consumed seven wooden buildings, and deprived upwards of twenty poor families of a home.

Nuptial.

THRICE happy state! where with no dark alloy,
Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day!
For here the sigh, that soft affection heaves,
From stings of sharpest woe the soul relieves.

MARRIED,

On the 23d inst. by the rev. Geo. C. Potts, Mr. John Holmes, to the amiable Mrs. Finley in the 28th year of her age. This is the third time she has had the pleasure of being a bride.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Edward Connolly, to Miss Eliza Mead, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. G. Spring, Mr. Daniel Tunier, to Miss Eleanor Tate, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. Isaac Doughty, to Miss Margaret Stout, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, Abraham E. Brower, esq. to Miss Mary Morgan.

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Sibourd, William Lawrence, esq. to Miss Anastasia Lynch.

At Newark, on Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Lambert Suydam, merchant, to Miss Harriet Sherman Higgins, all of this city.

By the rev. Eliphalet Price, at Casper's Kill, Poughkeepsie, Dr. Stephen D. Beekman, surgeon of the 13th regiment of the United States Infantry, to Miss Maria Clinton, daughter of George Clinton, deceased, late Vice-President of the United States.

At Westchester on Wednesday morning, by the rev. Mr. Wilkins, Mr. William Bayard, jun. of this city, to Miss Catherine Hammond, daughter of Abijah Hammond, Esq.

Obituary.

FROM death no age nor no condition saves,
As goes the freeman, so departs the slave,
The chieftain's palace, and the peasant's bower,
Alike are ravag'd by his haughty pow'r.

DIED,

In this city, Mrs. Mary Williams, aged 80 years, after a lingering illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude in a full belief of Jesus Christ.

Suddenly, in this city, William Charlton, a British seaman, from on board the prize ship Quebec.

After a lingering illness, Mrs. Mary Smith, wife of Capt. Elihu Smith.

Last evening, after a short illness, much regretted, Mrs. Elizabeth Man.

Last Sunday evening in the 17th year of his age, after a painful and lingering illness, James Middleton.

On Tuesday morning after a short illness, Mr. Elijah Scribner, aged 34, of the house of Penny and Scribner.

At Newark, (N. J.) Mr. Nathaniel Woodward, in the 48th year of his age, formerly a resident of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, after a short illness, Mrs. Eliza Borrowe, aged 36.

"OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION'S GONE."

On Saturday morning the 26th ult. COOKE took leave of this worldly stage. George Fredrick Cooke, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.—The celebrity of this universally excellent player has received the approbation of all ranks and countries in so public and extensive a manner, as to bid defiance to eulogium. We need only remark, that "The Man of the World" has quitted it forever.—Sir John now feigns not the sleep of death, and there may he in quiet lay till the last act when "Richard will be himself again." [Gaz.]

The city inspector reports the deaths of 49 persons, from the 19th to the 25th ult.

Seat of the Muses.

"Is there a heart which music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn."

OCTOBER.—A SONNET.

OCTOBER comes with softer beaming rays,
Whilst glowing fruit invites the tempted hand;
No blossoms now bespeak soft summer's days,
For only Autumn's stubble loads the land.

But there the eager sportsman seeks his way,
With dog well tutor'd to discover game;
Soon he points out his master's destined prey,
Who levels death's dread tube with certain aim.

These show October's sway:—but Autumn brown
With sickly tint has mark'd the year's decline;
This prompts a sigh that Winter soon will frown,
And bid the plummy nations sadly pine,
Whose leafy dwellings, made by Winter bare,
Will yield no shelter from the piercing air.

ODE ON LIBERTY

FROM MR. G. DYER'S POEMS.

HAIL! more refulgent than the morning star,
Parent of bliss! for whom the nations sigh,
Thee, Liberty! I woo, and seem from far,
To mark the brightness of thy raptur'd eye;
While, not to me unseemly, streams thy vest,
Thy locks wild dancing to the frolic wind;
And borne on flying feet, thou scorn'st to rest,
Save where meek Truth near thee a seat may find;
Soothe of human life, blest Liberty!
Still range thro' Nature's walks, and I will range with thee.

Say, dost thou love to climb the mountain's brow,
Or haunt meandering stream, or laughing plain?
Be mine with thee up mountain heights to go,
Or wake by rivers' brink the pastoral strain;
Or tripping light the flowery meads along,
A simple swain, mid herds and virgins gay,
Pour forth to thee my merry evening song,
Unwearied with the raptures of the day:
And, when close locked in Sleep's soft arms I lie,
Still flattering dreams shall wake the midnight ecstasy.

Or dost thou rather chuse to wear the veil
Of mild philosophy, and walk, unseen,
Serenely grave, along the cloister pale,
Or grove, or glen, or on the shaven green;
Oh! still be mine to tend thee on thy way,
Like thee to feel, to glow with all thy flame,
Gentle and clear, as the sun's smiling ray
At dawn, yet warm as his meridian beam,
When wondering nations feel the piercing ray
And think they view their God, and kindle into praise.

For me, when I grow thoughtless, and thy name
Forget, should I wax cold, nor feel thy power,
Then too may Fancy sleep, and lost to shame,
Ne'er, may I look beyond the passing hour;
May Beauty never smile upon my strain,
May I be curs'd, to live some tyrant's tool,
Whistle to his mean likings, and my gain
Be this, to hear ambition call me fool;
Begin, and end at Folly's call my lays,
Dread the world's sneer, and truckle for its praise.

ELEGY

On the death of a Lady, aged 21 Years.

INSATIATE Death! by thy extensive sway
All sublunary excellence must fade;
Youth's fairest flowers beneath thy power decay
In desolation's empire prostrate laid.

Ah! why so early has thy direful blow,
From earth fair virtue's dear disciple torn?
Why thus o'erspread the parent's cheek with woe,
By unavailing tears, the loss to mourn?

Be calm my soul! such was the will of Heaven:
Such was Jehovah's mandate from his throne.
By him alone the vital spark was given,
And, lo! he justly claims it for his own.

For hark! what strains seraphic strike the ear
Of faith, and sweetly soothe the sorrowing breast;
Harmoniously dispelling every fear;
"Her gentle spirit's fled to endless rest."

"No storms of time can e'er her peace annoy,
"To heavenly pastures near her Saviour's side
"She's gone, where rivers of consummate joy
"Beneath the throne of God for ever glide."

Thither may I, with ardent zeal, look up:
That day, for which all ages were design'd,
Shall still increase my renovated hope,
And sympathy create new strength of mind.

Awful, yet pleasing day! when we shall meet,
And with the company of martyrs join
In hymns of love, our long lost friends to greet,
And drink the fountain-head of love divine.

Morality.

[The following, tho' old, may nevertheless be considered never out of season, more especially at this time, when party spirit gives not only a false colouring to every thing within its reach, but too often deludes the understanding, to the great injury of the public good.]

THE PARTI-COLOURED SHIELD.

IN the days of knight-errantry and paganism, one of our old British princes set up a statue to the Goddess of Victory, in a point where four roads met together. In her right hand she held a spear, and rested her left upon a shield: the outside of this shield was of gold, and the inside of silver, on the former was inscribed in the old British language, *To the Goddess ever favourable*; and on the other, *For four victories obtained successively over the Picts and other inhabitants of the northern islands.*

It happened one day that two knights completely armed, the one in black armour, and the other in white, arrived from opposite parts of the country at this statue, just about the same time; and as neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to read the inscriptions, and observe the excellence of its workmanship. After contemplating on it for some time, "This golden shield," says the black knight, "Golden Shield!" cried the white knight, (who was as strictly observing the opposite side) "why, if I have my eyes, it is silver." "I know nothing of your eyes," replied the black knight, "but if ever I saw a golden shield in my life this is one." "Yes," returned the white knight, smiling, "it is very probable, indeed, that they should expose a shield of gold in so public a place as this; for my part, I wonder even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for the devotion of some people that pass this way; and it appears by the date that this has been here above three years." The black knight could not bear the smile with which this was delivered, and grew so warm in the dispute, that it soon ended in a challenge; they both therefore turned their horses, and rode back so far as to have sufficient space for their career, then fixed their spears in their rests, and flew at each other with the greatest fury and impetuosity. Their shock was so rude, and the blow on each side so effectual, that they both fell to the ground, much wounded and bruised, and lay there for some time as in a trance. A good druid, who was travelling that way, found them in this condition. The druids were the physicians of those times as well as the priests. He had a sovereign balsam about him, which he had compos-

ed himself, for he was very skilful in all the plants that grew in the fields or in the forests; he staunch'd their blood, applied his balsam to their wounds, and brought them as it were from death to life again. As soon as they were sufficiently recovered, he began to enquire into the occasion of their quarrel; "Why this man," cried the black knight, "will have it, that that shield yonder is silver." "And he will have it," replied the white knight, "that it is gold," and then told him all the particulars of the affair. "Ah!" said the druid, with a sigh, "you are both of you my brethren in the right, and both of you in the wrong; had either of you given himself time to look upon the opposite side of the shield, as well as that which first presented itself to his view, all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided; however, there is a very good lesson to be learned from the evils that have befallen you on this occasion. Permit me, therefore, to intreat you by all our gods, and by this goddess of victory in particular, never to enter into any dispute for the future till you have fairly considered both sides of the question."

Percival.

Anecdote.

BAD AIR.

A person once hearing a lady sing, who had a disagreeable breath, was asked how he liked it. "The voice is good," said he, "but the air is intolerable."

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RUSTIC WIT.

A peasant came into Aurbach's Square, at Leipsic, and looked round about him before he ventured to go into a shop. A shopman called out to him, "Come this way, father: what do you want?" The peasant went to him, and asked, "What do you sell?"—"Do not you see," replied the shopman: "asses heads."—"Faith," said the countryman, "you must have a great demand for them, for I only see one left."

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THE IMPOSSIBILITY.

A bad woman upbraided her husband with his love of money, and said, she believed if she was to die that he would marry the devil's eldest daughter if he could have plenty of money with her. "That might be," answered her husband; "but the worst of it is, a man dare not marry two sisters."

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HARMONY.

A drummer having told a fife that when two armies met, music was of as much consequence as wind to a windmill—without it they could never come to blows. "Then," replied the fife, "the only way to restore true harmony is to take away their music."

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